

THE HOME JOURNAL.

Volume III.

WINCHESTER, TENN., JUNE 24, 1859.

Number 33.

The Home Journal.

BY W. J. SLATTER.

"Pledged to no Party's arbitrary sway,
We follow truth where'er she leads the way."

Subscriptions for a shorter time than one year must be paid in advance. Hereafter no club subscriptions at less than the regular price (\$2) will be received. However, when a club of five subscribers is sent us, we will allow an extra copy gratis to the getter-up of the club.

Single copies sold at 10 cents. When credit for the paper is given to the end of the year three dollars will be invariably charged.

Postmasters throughout the country will do us a favor, as well as be doing their duty, to inform us when a subscriber refuses his paper, or when the paper lies dead at their office.

Clipping.—We will supply either Harper's Magazine, or Graham's, or Goddard's and the Home Journal, one year, for five dollars. Arthur's Home Magazine, or Peterson's, and the Home Journal, one year, for \$3.25.

THE RAILROAD.

The Lincoln Journal of the 16th inst. says: "We are gratified to be able to announce to our readers that the heavy work at Bray's Hollow has at last been overcome, and the track laying is again in progress."

The contractors say they will reach this place by the 4th of July, notwithstanding the delays they have had to encounter, while others who profess to be judges of such work express the opinion that it will be impossible to do so much work as yet remains to be done before the 1st of August. Even the latest time set, will bring the iron horse to Fayetteville within the short space of 6 weeks. Long as we have been talking and thinking about the road, we cannot realize the fact that the cars will really and positively be arriving and departing daily to and from Fayetteville within six short weeks from the present day, yet the fact is so, and however strange and like a dream to some it may appear, it is nevertheless an absolute reality—a truth—a fact. It has been for some time understood that the people here would celebrate appropriately this great event, and it was desirable to do so on the glorious Fourth of July, but if it is possible for the track-layers to reach Fayetteville by that time, the fact cannot be known in time to make the necessary preparations for the celebration, as it cannot be told with any degree of certainty on what day the cars will make their first arrival until the track has crossed the river and arrives within a few miles of town. So soon however as it can be known, we are assured by the officers of the road that notice will be given in time for the most ample preparations for the celebration.

SOPHISTICAL ARGUMENT.

We do not agree with the skeptic, that the man who puts up a lightning rod is as much guilty of Atheism as ever Spinoza was. We do not agree with him, that by endeavoring to preserve a church, in this manner, from the destructive effects of a thunder-storm, you are abandoning a proper trust in Heaven to put it in mechanics, and exhibit more confidence in a few yards of copper wire than in all the prayers that may be uttered. On the contrary, it is our duty, while petitioning divine authority for protection, to neglect no means, on our own part, that may tend in the same direction. It would be a foolish proceeding to leap into a catarract and presume that a prayer should avert the natural consequences of an act so reckless. It is the nature of lightning to destroy what it strikes, and we do not pray to God to alter, for our sakes, that nature. We adapt mechanical means to that nature, in order to avert it from our property, and pray for moral results from moral causes. The atheist is not in putting up the lightning rod, but in misrepresenting its purpose. This, however, is the usual course of skepticism. It places its own impotence in the hands of Christianity, and then rails at it as unchristian.

INCREASE OF OLD MAIDS.—The Philadelphia Ledger has discovered that there is a heavy increase in the number of old maids, and that the number is augmenting sadly every year.—With an increase of old maids of course comes an increase of bachelors; and this last class of persons are much less deserving of sympathy or interest than the first. The causes of this extended life of single blessedness, or of single misery, as fancy or fact may choose to consider it, are mainly attributed to erroneous ideas of living. Many young men have not courage to meet the expenses of supporting a family, and are often deterred from marriage by a positive apprehension of want.

The fact is apparent in the United States, and still more obvious in Europe, especially among the middle or upper classes.

Communications.

Birds Nest Cottage, Nashville, Saturday Night, June 11, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

"Tis such a glorious night! so calm! so clear! so radiantly beautiful, that to sleep is quite impossible. I can only sit here in my lonely little sanctum—gaze up into the blue, overarching heavens, and dream, and sigh for wings, that I may soar away and explore those worlds on worlds of mystic light—the wonderful works of the "grand Architect" of the Universe, and unite in that never-ceasing hymn of praise inaudible, save to the Christian-poet's ear.

Oh! how oft on such a night as this does my soul long to cast aside the fetters that ever bind and chain her down to the dull, cold realities of earth, until methinks the task were an easy one to lay down life's heavy burden and be at rest forever; and sometimes

I am weary, oh! so weary, Of the daily toil and strife That is slowly, surely wearing Out the vital springs of life, That oft-times I'd fain be lying Where earth's tired pilgrims rest, And my heart no more be sighing With its secret woe oppressed.

Day by day my joys are going, Death has taken nearly all, Yet, above the dark waves roaring, Oft I hear sweet voices call— And I watch afar the gleaming Of their angel pinions bright, That are softly o'er me beaming, In the starry heavens to-night, And they whisper low and gentle As the sighing breeze to me: "Hush on, pale and silent watcher, We are ever more with thee, As the moonbeams veil thee softly With their pure and holy light, So we fold our pinions o'er thee, In the lonely hours of night."

THE ORPHAN.

BY MRS. EMILIE C. S. CHILTON.

Close her eyes gently Lay her to rest With her hands meekly folded Upon the still breast. No more will throbblings Of unspoken pain, No more deep sobbings Will move it again. Let her grave garments Be spotless and white, No sin ever tarnished, No crime cast its blight. From a life sad and lowly She has glided away, To a land bright and holy— To a blissful endless day.

Carefully lay her, In the hard, narrow bed; Say—"It is ended— Susie is dead." No need of weeping, No need of sighs, For now a new angel Is crowned in the skies. Why should we whisper, Why tarry mourn— There few that will miss her, Or think of the gone. Her sweet spirit another, Will welcome her where There is no pain to suffer, No tears and no care.

The world has no sorrow, For the orphan unfed, And why should it borrow Regret for the dead? Then lay her down gently, Where the forest trees moan; She's an orphan no longer, She now has a home.

TAKE THE PAPERS.—There are several reasons why those persons who are not subscribers to their County News-paper, should become so at once.—Among the many, the following are the most important:

1st. They get the paper published in their own County free of postage, even where they take it out of a Post office out of the County.

2nd. This is the year in which all our elections come on, from Governor down; and every good citizen is interested in knowing who are candidates, and what are their sentiments.

3rd. The nations seem to be on the eve of a bloody and protracted war, which may either involve our country eventually, or affect its interests in various ways.

4th. The affairs of our own country, foreign and domestic, are in a critical and complicated condition; and every citizen should keep himself well informed of the progress of events that he may be prepared for the full and intelligent discharge of his duties.

APOTROPHE TO THE ELEPHANT.—In Van Amburgh's Menagerie, that exhibited in this place a few weeks since:

Old lion, or lioness or bear? Tell me, and I will give you the year, In causing you to die to such a fate, Whence you should never have departed. About two lions and a half before the sooner course!

And are you honestly bred or low? Enquire that target-bearer or trainer! let us observe Whether you are of no And sure for wonder, I am more will part! For I can truly say, "I've torn the Elephant!"

LADIES, BE CAUTIONS.—Women often lose the man they love, and who loves them. By mere wantonness or coquetry they reject, and then repent.—They should be careful not to take this step hastily, for a proud, high-minded, gifted man, will seldom ask a woman twice.

THE GIFT I ASK.

BY LUCY A. STEEDMAN.

The gift I ask is a priceless boon, And for it I'm wandering through The weary maze of a thoughtless world— It's a heart that's warm and true: A soul where purity ever dwells, Unsullied by one base thought— A heart that beats with love and truth, Is the prize I long have sought.

I stoop to ask for the wealth of earth— It would bind my spirit free; But the worshipped one of a faithful heart Is what I would like to be. A soul that is noble, kind and good, Is a gift I would value more Than sparkling gems from the diamond mine, Or the pearls of India's shore.

Beauty at best is a fading flower, And for it I would not care; But when I gaze in soul-lit eyes, I would find it beaming there. To the heaven-born gift of intellect Alone would my spirit bow; And never would I ask for clustering curls To shadow a noble brow.

With hope and faith our beacon lights, While virtue guides our way, Secure we'd pass temptations by; That our hearts would lead astray. And each to the other kind and true, While earth was our spirit's haven, Would pray that we'd never part on earth, But to meet again in heaven.

A Splendid Story.

THE SELF-SACRIFICERS,

OR,

LOVE VERSUS LAW.

BY W. G. PATON.

To do deeds of self-sacrifice, when we are young and strong, is easier, and more our duty, than at an age when the blood flows more slowly and coldly; when the limbs sooner fail us; when the heart, through the suspicion of experience, has grown less trustful, and the eyes behold fewer friendly aspects in the human throng around us. Old age is timid, with the memory of dead or broken friendships to make it hesitate longer, when the necessities of others appeal for aid.—With its diminished capital of time and strength, it beholds the greater necessity of self-defence; and caution attends its footsteps to the grave. So when Andrew Lemore, at the age of sixty, found himself with a wife and only one daughter left of a once numerous family, he clung more closely to those idols whose happiness was but a portion of his own.

He had been wealthy—was even now deemed so—but, in these later years, the schemes of designing men, who had drawn him, unguardedly, into speculations, had gradually diminished his property, and his estate had become so hampered with debts, imposed by fraud or cunning upon him, that after a long and anxious review of his affairs, he felt compelled to admit to himself that, pecuniarily, he was a ruined man.

The sad silence of the aged husband and father, and the ashy paleness of his desponding face, were the first signs to the wife and daughter of any change in the family affairs; and, as now they lung upon him, with sad solicitude, and asked what had occurred, or if his health was failing, he felt constrained to tell them all—the overthrow of his fortunes—his despair of retrieval—and the dark fore-sight of that future which age in poverty must naturally expect.

"But, father," said his daughter Flora, "I am but twenty; and if the worst should come to the worst, I can do much to keep the wolf from the door, I am strong and willing to work."

"Poor child! you can do nothing; but little at the best. Perhaps I can make some arrangement with my creditors; but the prospect is small.—Yet I must try."

"Could not Mr. Lurker be persuaded to be lenient with you?" asked Mrs. Lemore. "He has profited so much through you, and is so prosperous; and he seems friendly enough."

The husband shook his head gloomily. "I doubt Job Lurker. He is a scheming fellow; and I fear, heartless. Yet, don't distress yourselves. There may be a way—" and he looked at his daughter mournfully and patted her head, as she knelt affectionately by his side; "there may be a way, which God will point out, without condemning us to sacrifices such as I shrink to dwell upon."

"Whatever they may be, I will meet them all, willingly, father, for mother and for you."

Tears flowed from the father's eyes, and fell upon the fair, white hands which held his own—those hands which had never yet known the rudeness of labor, and on which he now gazed with doting fondness—more doting now than ever; for within his heart a strife was going on about their dutiful and beautiful owner.

It was but the day before when he had held an interview with Mr. Job Lurker, upon the subject of his daughter's marriage.

"I hold," said Lurker, who was a hard-visaged, imperious-looking man of some forty years, "bons of yours, resulting from our schemes and speculations, which are sufficient to more than cover the value of the property you own. Now sir, another man, with less heart, might feel disposed to distress you, Mr. Lemore, particularly at a time like this, when the security of money leads men to do even desperate things to obtain it for their regular business affairs. But I am not a man of that kind. Mr. Lemore; and you are old, and have a wife and lovely daughter to support; and I have a friendly feeling for you, growing out of our long association aforesaid, as I hope you know. Very well, then, Now—ahem!—Mr. Lemore, I am a plain, matter-of-fact business man, as you know; and, being a bachelor, am not much acquainted with the honeyed terms and graceful circumlocutions which may be proper in approaching a subject of this kind; but the sum-total of it is, that I wish to marry your daughter, Mr. Flora."

The astonishment of Mr. Lemore was undisguised at this announcement; and Lurker at once saw, by the play of the aged father's features, that the surprise was not greater than his disgust and horror, as he ejaculated, with a stare as he drew back: "Great Heaven! my daughter!—Marry her?"

Lurker was displeased; but he smiled, and kept calm, as he proceeded to prefer his suit.

"Yes; marry her! Why not? I suppose I am old enough to be her father; but I am still young enough, I think, to be her husband; and, for that matter—I don't wish to hurt your feelings, sir—but I am much better able to take care of her than her father just now! Now don't look hurt, nor think I intend anything but good and kindness. On the contrary, I wish to preserve your declining years from the shames and vexations of poverty. Give me your daughter, and I will give you back all the bonds hold against you. This will give you ample means for the rest of your life; your wife, who is now old and infirm, will still have the luxuries and comforts of life to which she has always been used; and your daughter will be married to a wealthy man, of steady habits and fixed principles, who will take much better care of her than any of the young whippersnappers whom she might prefer, as being nearer her own age. What say you?"

"I fear," said Lemore, with a ghastly look, "that it would—it would be impracticable."

"And why?"

"I could not make a sacrifice of my daughter for my own selfish benefit. And I think she could not marry—unless she loved!"

"Has she any lover?"

"None that I am aware of."

"Then, why not?" persisted the unabashed Lurker, with a malicious tremble in his cold eyes. "Could she not be persuaded into a match which would result in so much good to her parents?"

"I will ask her," sighed Lemore, after a long and painful pause; and, rising, with a look of deepest sorrow, he bowed, and took his leave.

Such was the interview upon which the old man mused on the ensuing day, when he told his wife and daughter the state of affairs; and when Flora expressed her willingness to do anything in her power to retrieve their condition, her father felt the more reluctant to tell her of Job Lurker's proposal.

"Poverty is slavery, it is true," thought he; "but not so bitter, where it is borne with a free heart; and how can I purchase wealth by the sacrifice of so filial a child. Yet I will tell them, at least." And he did so.

The mother's painful emotion was evinced by the continued terror which shook her aged frame, as she went forward and listened; while Flora, calm, but pale as marble, grasped her father's arm firmly, and bent her sad, blue eyes upon his trembling lips, as he told her all.

"I'm willing," she replied decisively.

"But you do not, cannot love him, child!"

"She shuddered. "Love him?—O, no! But then, you know, I love none but you and mother; and perhaps I shall be as happy with him as with any."

Her eyes sought the ground as she spoke, and her father divined the truth.

"You are willing to sacrifice your-

self, Flora, and seek to make us think it less great than it is. I will not urge you to marry him; but we will have a further conversation with him if you will; and from what you then shall think it best to do, we shall conclude, and give our answer.

The time appointed for the interview arrived, and Mr. Job Lurker, made up carefully for the occasion, in dress, manners, and smiles, having thoughtfully rehearsed for it, appeared before the family, with a renewal of his proposition. The sight of the beautiful and amiable young woman stimulated his eloquence, and the result was as he wished—in consideration of a written agreement of marriage within six months, now signed by Flora and her parents, Job Lurker at once restored to her father all claims which he possessed upon the Lemore estate.

Job was overjoyed at the close of this important meeting, and kissed all their hands at parting.

"You shall have no cause to complain of me, I promise you, either in relation of husband, or of son," said he, and departed at such an elastic pace, and with such a cheerful visage that but few would have recognized him.

"It may be all for the best," thought the parents, looking mournfully at Flora.

"It shall be all for the best," said Flora to herself, for reasons which will appear.

In the office of Mr. Job Lurker, several years previous to the time of which we have been speaking, was a young man, who served him for a time in the capacity of a confidential clerk. His name was Henry Belmont; and the enterprise in which Mr. Belmont was engaged with Lurker, calling him often to the office, young Belmont became familiarly acquainted with him, his family, and his affairs. But Belmont did not long remain with his early employer, after gaining an insight into his character. He had too much honor to assist in the nefarious schemes through which Lurker managed rapidly to amass a large property. He left him, with scorn, for more honorable employment in another city; yet still preserved the friendly acquaintanceship of Mr. Lemore.

On the day preceding that closing interview, by which the hand of Flora became pledged to Job Lurker, young Belmont—on a visit to the city—accidentally met Flora in the street.

"You look pale and haggard," said he. "Are you ill? or has any misfortune happened to your family?"

In a few words, she told him what had been proposed—the hold which Lurker had upon her father—the extreme age of her parents—the certainty of ruin, did she not comply with the request of one to whom she had learned to be averse, from remarks of her father concerning his duplicity, and finally that she thought it was her duty to comply, to save her father and mother from absolute penury.

The frown which at first passed over Belmont's face gave way to a smile, as he replied:

"Miss Lemore, though you do make the agreement, it cannot be fulfilled on your part."

"I do not understand you."

"Job Lurker is a villain. He has a wife already. You are surprised, but let me assure you, it is so. Some ten years ago, he was married in England; but, after a year or so, he abandoned her, without cause or warning, and she was obliged to seek her uncle's house for shelter. Lurker has told me this himself, while I was his clerk, years ago; and one day in a communicative mood, though he may have forgotten it, or thought I had, or was out of his way, he showed me a letter of hers, sent to him when he was in London, before he returned to this country. Of his whereabouts she is probably ignorant. But I remember her address; and, by your permission, will write to her to interpose, by either sending proofs of her marriage, or by coming, in person, to put a stop to this iniquity, and confound him at the proper time. That Lurker was a knave, I knew from his frauds upon others besides your father; but I did not think that he was so daring, or so black a villain, as this last scheme proves him to be."

"But what would you advise me to do in the meanwhile?" asked Flora.

"Shall I tell my father of all this?"

"If you will follow my advice, it is this: Meet him to-morrow, and sign the agreement. By so doing, you will receive the documents which redeem your father's property, which never became Lurker's by honest dealing. Postpone the marriage-day for six months, and by that time you will be prepared to defeat him, with

the positive proofs which will then be in your power."

"I will follow your advice. But should I reveal all to my father?"

"I think it would be unnecessary—and, perhaps, unwise. Lurker is cunning, and might ascertain that his secret was known, and thus have time enough to defeat us—that is to say to defeat you, in escaping from his toils. If you preserve a cheerful look, it will make your parents more reconciled, until the proper time comes to undo-entice them all."

"Then I will readily sign the agreement, which can't be fulfilled," said Flora, smiling.

"Deem it no dishonor, Miss Lemore. You must combat knaves with their own weapons; and you will save your parents and yourself from ruin and disgrace, by an act which will right the wronged, and punish the guilty."

And so, after some further words as to the details of their plan, they parted to act upon it.

We have seen the joy of Job Lurker at the fancied accomplishment of his criminal scheme. The exultation grew deeper, as month after month passed by, and he observed that the parents appeared more reconciled to the match—Flora evincing much less anxiety than they had expected.

During the intervening time, Belmont absented himself entirely from the family, lest his visits might give Lurker any ground for suspicion; yet he had frequent meetings with Flora. And when the last month arrived, and no tidings had been received from abroad, her hopeful cheerfulness began to vanish.

"Perhaps she is dead," she sighed; "and then what could save me?"

"My evidence would be sufficient, at least, to delay the marriage, until some positive intelligence can be obtained," said Belmont.

"It may be so," said Flora. "But are we not building a great hope upon a very slender foundation?"

"Hope to the last. I do not despair yet," replied Belmont. "I shall send letters till the truth is ascertained, whatever it may be."

With an aching heart, Flora Lemore was finally compelled to prepare for the bridal, which still might take place. The bitter possibility haunted her, day and night—preying upon mind and body, till she grew more like a corpse than a bride.

The evening before the bridal day arrived, and, according to his custom, the expectant Job Lurker repaired to the house of his betrothed. What was his astonishment on entering the parlor, to find his former clerk, Belmont, seated by the side of Flora, alone, and wiping away her tears.

"How's this?" he demanded, with a scowl of suspicion. "You here, Belmont—and so familiar. Are you aware that peculiar relations now exist between Miss Lemore and myself?"

"I am, and have long been," replied Belmont, firmly, as he rose from his seat. "They are more peculiar than you can possibly be aware. I have an excellent memory—much better than yours appears to be."

"I don't understand you," stammered Lurker, in confusion, remembering, now, that Belmont knew he had been married once.

"Be quiet—pray do, Henry," whispered Flora. "You should not hint anything until you can produce the proof."

"But I can produce it, Flora," replied Belmont; "and I have delayed, till he arrived, the communication of the pleasant and tangible tidings, which came to me this day. Mr. Lurker, allow me to ask after the health of your wife."

"I have no wife, sir," said Lurker, indignantly.

"You forgot that you told me once that you had."

"And it I did, women are not immortal. She is dead."

"I beg your pardon," said Belmont with a smile—walking across the apartment, and throwing open the folding doors, through which now advanced, to the surprise of both Flora and Lurker (the plan having been concerted without Flora's knowledge) Mr. and Mrs. Lemore, leading the deserted wife and her uncle.

The exclamation in which Mr. Job Lurker indulged on that momentous occasion, it would be indelicate to mention to ears polite. It was, however, a sufficient admission that the unexpected lady was his wife; and, as such, Belmont now introduced her to Flora, and also her uncle.

Rage, shame, and disappointment, made Lurker's face now dark and pale by turns. That smiling tableau was a most appalling and conclusive one to him. He felt the worse than folly of attempting a defence; but, seizing

the opportunity to comprise a general curse in one, he fled from the room and the house, with wise, but unbecoming precipitation. His game was up.

And now followed an explanation as to the delay of the wife in responding to the many urgent summonses which had been sent by Henry Belmont. Mrs. Lurker, with her uncle, had been abroad upon the Continent, and scarcely returned in time. They then resolved to answer in person, that the recreant husband should not only be summarily foiled in his last scheme of crime, but be forced to answer for his unprovoked and heartless abandonment of his wife—which, in due time, his property did atone for—and the ruined miscreant soon after fled to parts unknown.

But a happier denouement awaited the virtues of Flora Lemore, and the merits of Henry Belmont, her preserver. The long appointed day was a marriage day for Flora; but she wore the bridal-robe for one who had saved and loved her.

THE DISCOVERY AND IMPROVEMENT OF MAKING PATENT DROP SHOT.

Among the many useful and valuable discoveries which science and the skillful perfection of machinery has brought to light and perfected, that of the discovery of patent drop shot is one of value and of general utility to the civilized world. Its accidental discovery is not unlike that of the discovery of gunpowder (composition) accredited to one Bartholomew Schwartz (a German Monk) but one Friar Bacon disputes his claim to the original discovery, as in his works written at Oxford about the year 1270, fifty years before Schwartz, expressly named the ingredients of gunpowder. Be this as it may, the original discovery of drop shot originated with Watts, who, being a plumber by trade in Bristol, England, about 1782, dreamed he was in a shower and the clouds rained lead instead of water.

Watts was by trade a plumber, and all shot previously to this discovery was made by persons engaged in that business (imperfectly). They let the melted lead drop into water, and the part that first came in contact with the liquid was always flattened.—Mrs. Watts assisted her husband in the business, and it was her particular province to cast the shot. They were both anxious to make round shot, and Mrs. Watts was one whole day employed trying if she could round them. She dropped the metal into oil, and many other liquids, but they all came out indented on one side. She retired to rest that night, full of anxiety—her mind being entirely absorbed by round shot. During the night she dreamed of going into a neighboring shop (a hatter by trade) and, while talking to him, she heard shot falling, and on asking him if he made shot, he went out, brought a handful of shot, and they were perfectly round. In much surprise, she exclaimed, "My God! how do you make them round?" "By dropping them from a great height," says the hatter. Mrs. Watts awoke under the exciting discovery, aroused her husband, informed him of her dream, when they both dressed themselves, tried it from the highest place on their own premises, and found the shot rounder than before, but still indented. The next day they tried it from the Tower of St. Thomas Church, that leans some feet over its base, when they attained shot rounder than the home attempt, but not yet perfect.—The next attempt was made in the shaft of a coal mine, a few miles from Bristol, at a place called Kingswood, and from this trial they obtained perfectly round shot. This remarkable and interesting narrative of the discovery of making round shot, is both curious and instructive—as it goes to prove and establish the truth, that all human knowledge is central light and wisdom, communicated and revealed to the dark and benighted mind and intellect, and not unfrequently through the agency of dreams and revelations, the very reverse of the preconceived notions and arrogant opinions of man.

THE LATE FROST.—We find by our Western exchanges that the destructive effects of the late frost have been much exaggerated. Wheat, potatoes, corn and fruit, have suffered, in places, to some extent, but not near so seriously as was at first reported.—The frost appears to have been most severe in Northern Ohio, but even there the farmers are recovering from their alarm. The growth of the crops in the districts visited by the frost, has been retarded; but this excepted, the general appearance of the crops throughout the country indicates a bountiful harvest.